

# 今日から 魔王!

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角川文庫



# Kyou Kara Maou - Mini-Novels - Kyou Kara Maou! Maou Houkou-hen

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# Together with Father

## Together with Father[\[edit\]](#)

To be honest, my foot had healed so much I could say that ‘The cane is just for decoration and big-wigs like you just wouldn’t understand.’

If that wasn’t the case, I wouldn’t have been able to walk around in between the series of incidents. However, I spent that time pretending to heal in all of the hot springs not just because I was enjoying the water, but also because I wanted to have as much fun as possible with my new daughter.

To do so, we went around to this hotel and that hotel and stopped in at this bath by ourselves as parent and child. But I thought that while it might be fun for a hot-spring-loving Japanese guy to play around like this, it might be a bit boring for a ten year old girl in the prime of her playing years. In Earth terms she would be an elementary school student and children love things like amusement parks and zoos after all. Therefore, as I was trying to become a good papa, I thought I would gain some P Points by taking Greta to a theme park kids would like or shopping malls that slightly older girls would go crazy over. P Points are of course short for Papa Points[\[1\]](#).

It’s the world famous pleasure capital, the Hildyard pleasure town, so of course they would have a bunch of facilities that tourists with children could enjoy. I asked the owner of the hotel, had Conrad investigate, and even attempted to look through the pamphlet from the tourism bureau that I could read almost none of. The result was this.

“A heated pool[\[2\]](#)?”

“Yup.”

“Not a hot spring?”

“Yeah, it’s a pool, not a hot spring.”

The two of us had finally gotten along and right after, we had become parent-and-child friends and were now standing in the entrance of the old gym holding hands without caring what others might think of us.

Wolfram is holding her other hand, but I’m not going to let myself be bothered by that.

It seemed like Greta didn’t understand the word ‘pool’ because she had tilted her head to the side.

“What’s a heated pool?”

“Who’s pool? A man?”

Wolfram’s reaction was so much like normal it was reassuring.

“First of all, Paul is a man but ‘pool’ is not. And Greta, a heated pool is a place like a wide pond with a lot of hot water in it that everyone can wear bathing suits in and have fun.”

“That’s just like the baths right?”

Oh that’s right. You have to wear embarrassing bathing suits in the hot springs here.

“Yeah uh, but a pool is where everyone can swim. It’s not for washing your body.”

“But we swam in the baths didn’t we?”

“Shh! Us swimming in the baths is a secret. It’s a secret!”

No matter how many questions she asked me that I couldn’t really answer, I just kept on luring her in with ‘heated pools are fun’ and ‘let’s practice swimming together’ and ‘you’re a barelegged, doubtful mermaid!’ (2)<sup>[3]</sup>

In any case, the majority of the establishments that had escaped the fire were mostly geared toward entertainment for adults and the only resort spot where the whole family could have fun together was this place.

There were target practice, smart ball, and ring toss shops like you would find in a hot spring town, but all of them had pictures of half-naked women in them. If you hit the target, the scant clothes covering their body would fall off and you would get a picture of a completely naked woman. In other words, they were night-time target practice, night-time smart ball, and night-time ring toss.

It's likely that a large number of the shops still scraping by in this soot-covered, half-burned resort town will be made into low-key bars selling hot spring eggs once Lady von Karbelnikoff puts her large-scale reforms into play. Miss Anissina with her female absolutism would never allow these sorts of shops to exist.

Be that as it may, the former-pleasure town in Hildyard was undergoing a reconstruction rush and there were people hammering everywhere. It might be because they want to demolish the burned down buildings, but every once in a while I can even hear explosions. Even though they're willing to work hard to build at a fast pace, it'll still be a while before the new establishments open up.

"Hey, so let's all practice the breaststroke. Aim for world-renowned swimming. And also a flying triceratops!"

"I have a feeling that they don't fly," Conrad instantly contradicted me from behind. Having a friend knowledgeable about Earth is a problem as well.

However, Greta returned to her previous smile and gave a big nod even though she couldn't understand the difference between a pool and a hot spring or between a triceratops and a pteranodon.

"Okay! If I'm with you anything is fun."

"Everything is fun for me as well if I'm with Yuuri."

"... You're an adult so don't get competitive, Wolf."

"Your Maj-no, Young Master Mitsuemmon and family," Lord Weller comes back from the information desk with a pink paper in his hand. "It seems like there is an event. They had a flyer posted."

"What's written on it, umm..."

Wolfram reads it for me after peeking over my shoulder. Even though he says he hates it, he's very skilled at reading foreign writing with strong idiosyncrasies.

“Badump! Parents and children only swimming competition<sup>[4]</sup>. Celery will be there too.”

When I look closely I see that ‘Parents and children’ was roughly written onto a piece of paper that was pasted onto the flyer. The previous plan might have been for ‘men’. Greta ran over to a woman handing out the flyers and promptly started showering her with questions<sup>[5]</sup>.

“Come join in! Potatey and Brocco will be there too!”

“Vegetables?”

“That’s right! They’re somewhat-friends from the Vegetable Kingdom!”

“What are they like?”

“Well, they’re hated by everyone!”

“Wow!”

Why are you making an even happier face after finding out that everyone hates them, Greta?

“So it’s a swimming competition. It’ll be like the sports festival, but do you want to participate?”

After her eyes lit up and she nodded, I had no choice but to fulfill her wish. After all, not only am I a rookie Demon King, I’m a rookie parent. If I don’t collect points here then where will I collect them? Looking back, I should have gotten points somewhere else.

Suddenly becoming anxious, I go to speak with the lady at the reception desk for the competition with Greta and Wolfram in tow. Well, there probably isn’t that sort of discrimination here, but I figured it wouldn’t hurt to ask.

“If it’s not a mother and child but a father and child, can we still participate?”

“Of course! The ladies who have come to watch will get some eye candy as well, so we whole-heartedly welcome young fathers!”

“Can a father and a father and a daughter participate as well?” Wolfram asked. His arms are crossed and he looks fairly self-important. Even when a pretty boy stands in that haughty way everyone around him lights up.



“Hey wait, you’re not a father yet.”

“What are you saying? If she’s your daughter then of course she’s my daughter as well. No wait, right now I’m at the same level as your daughter... Then I wonder if a father, a fiancé and a daughter can participate.”

“Of course! A father, mother, and child are okay and a father, father, and child are okay and a mother, mother and child are okay and a father who’s really a mother, a mother who’s really a father, and child are okay and a father who’s like a child and an independent child are all warmly welcomed!”

Miss, you are very sociable. Before Conrad could ask yet another question, she flawlessly answers.

“Of course this is also eye candy for myself so young adult fathers are welcome as well! After all, this is the last big event of this facility so we want to make it loads of fun!”

“The last?”

“Yes, that’s right!”

The receptionist lowers her voice and says ‘because the damage to the surroundings was immense’ as her expression darkened for just a moment. However, she instantly returns to her business smile.

“The entirety of Hildyard is undergoing redevelopment! This place will be demolished very soon and the plan is to remake it into a large swimming facility for women’s health, men’s discipline, and children’s education! At the grand re-opening, we’ll even call in the Bra Dance Group!”

Bra Dance. I ended up imagining that a little.

“I-is that when a bunch of bra girls come out and dance while only wearing a bra...”

“Oh no, it’s when a bunch of bra men come out and dance while swinging it<sup>[6]</sup>!”

Swinging what? Before I could ask, I ended up imagining it. Not just a little, but completely. Bravo, bra ball, no, bra boy<sup>[7]</sup>.

After we were told to rent a bathing suit if we didn't have our own, we moved to the next table. We might have been close to the pool because the smell of water got stronger. Here another sociable young man immediately took the four of our measurements by sight (father, daughter, father's fiancé and his older brother) and hands suits that look like they would fit us to the clerk.

Since she's still a small child, a boy's bathing suit would be fine, but a ten year old girl is still a girl. There's no way boys swimming trunks will be good enough. Just as I thought that, the bathing suit they brought out from the back was a one-piece suit. Not just that, the shoulders weren't held up by strings, but short sleeves and the bottom half covered all the way down to the thighs. It's not even school-issue. It was such a stoic design it was like period swimsuits for racing or suits made for swimming in the middle of winter in Russia.

"You're still this type as well," Wolfram and I were told as we were handed one-piece suits the same as Greta's. However, they were longer in length.

But anyway, what did he mean by 'still'?

"Until your bodies become a little more handsome we can't rent you bathing suits that expose your breasts."

"Eh!?" the two of us yell together.

"I'm sorry, those are the rules here."

Although different areas have different cultures, I didn't think that there would be regulations on men's nipples. This would have been a chance to show off my developing pecs, but underdeveloped and weak men are banned from swim trunks and they can't even show off their lower body much less their upper body. What's up with that? What muscle prejudice! So the difference between Hildyard's baths and pools was the degree that men were allowed to expose themselves? I didn't particularly want to show off everything, but being told to hide it hurts a little.

"Oh, you're not getting changed yet?"

I despise Conrad as he unabashedly comes out in a bikini with his chest bare, no, his pecs were so dazzling that Wolfram and I fell silent. It's irritating. It's somehow really irritating.



But anyway, Mr. Conrad, when and where did you change?

The parents and children only swimming competition was fun as it went along and even though our family had an odd composition, we got good results in the cavalry battle and water polo. Potatey, Brocco and Celery were hated by everyone just like we had heard and the children all ran away from them shrieking. Among them were a few brave children who fought back against the Vegetable Kingdom outlaws with kickboards, but what I was concerned about was Greta's eyes. I feel like she's looking at them with a somewhat admiring gaze. No, let me stop. It's just my imagination. There's no way my cute little girl would admire the villains<sup>[8]</sup>.

Anyway, Greta seemed to be enjoying spending time with her father in the swimming competition and she had a smile on her face throughout the entire event as she frolicked about. Even now while we're having free time she isn't resting and she pulled us to the center of the pool to play. But, she suddenly stops moving and lightly furrows her manly eyebrows.

"Yuuri."

"Hm?"

"I stepped on something."

I look down through the clear water to the bottom and see that her small foot is definitely standing on something. It's a yellow-green, leaf-like object. It's about as large as a person's face and it's kind of three-dimensional and disk-like for a leaf and a little too soft-looking for a turtle shell.

"You're right. I wonder what it is. Maybe it's a huge sea cucumber or sea slug. Although this isn't the sea. Sea friends wouldn't be at the bottom of a pool. No use talking about it, lift your foot up slowly..."

"Wait right there!"

With an order that cut off the commotion, familiar red hair appeared on the

scene. She comes running towards the poolside with an angry expression without her hair getting disheveled. In other words, Miss Anissina von Karbelnikoff just as I saw her the other day. She moves at her own pace without distraction.

“You must not take your foot off of that limp, green object.”

Wolfram murmurs next to me, “I have a bad feeling.”

A premonition like that will come true. Even Conrad, who had been honored with the bathing suit exposing his chest – in other words, Conrad in swim trunks – was staring at Anissina with a questioning look.

“Are you listening, Greta? Once you step on that, you must not take your foot off of it. To be more specific, you must not even shift your weight. If the load upon it becomes lighter than it is now, Mr. Bursting Man’s 'on' switch will go off.”

Hm? What did you just say? To clear up matters a little bit, she put her hands on her hips.

“It is Mr. Step-Step on a Leaf and Burst Man.”

“I doubt this is the case, but judging by the name ‘Mr. Bursting Man’ is it... dynamite<sup>[9]</sup>?”

“‘Dyna’? That is an unfamiliar term, but yes, it is indeed called a magic-powered explosive chemical.”

At Anissina’s careless reply, the people around us started to panic. And then like someone shot a starting pistol, everyone rushes to the sides of the pool at once to get as far away as possible. They make unpredictable and disarrayed waves.

“Whoa! W-wait! Ah, Greta!”

Lifted up by the waves in the warm water, Greta’s body swayed about.

“Whoa, Greta no! If you take your weight off the switch will turn on... Damn, here.”

On the spur of the moment, I put my dominant foot down on the yellow-green object. The warm, limp and gooey sensation spreads across the underside of my



foot and my face automatically scrunches up.

“Are you okay, Greta? Did you manage to not move your foot?” Anissina asks from the poolside. This is probably a state of emergency, but her voice is persistently calm.

“It’s okay, I stepped on it instead.”

“I’m standing on it too!” Greta says.

Trying to see through the disrupted water’s surface, I strain my eyes and see that my foot and Greta’s small foot are both on the yellow-green object. The two of us had stamped down on it.

“It turned into family group work. But, I’m a lot heavier so you can get off, Greta. I’ll push it down so the switch doesn’t turn on.”

“You must not do that! Like I just explained, if the weight on Mr. Step-Step on a Leaf and Burst Man gets any lighter, the detonator will go 'on.' Therefore, now that the two of you are standing on it at the moment, you have to keep on standing on it.”

“Aw, really?”

The one who complained first was me.

“Wait a minute, why is an explosive in this place with so many people around in the first place? And I really don’t understand why after we were just having fun swimming, we have to step on this ridiculous sounding detonator and be put on the verge of mortal danger. I don’t get it!”

“Saying it is ridiculous is rude. It appears that you do not understand the value of my decent masterpiece, Mr. Step-Step on a Leaf and Burst Man, in the slightest.”

So it’s a decent masterpiece, not a great masterpiece.

“This is an excellent opportunity so I will explain! Mr. Step-Step on a Leaf and Burst Man is a valuable and gallant worker who plants magic-powered explosive chemicals all by himself in narrow places that people cannot get into in order to demolish buildings or cultivate hills and fields. In other words, it places itself under burned down buildings and collapsed stone here in Hildyard as if it has a

will of its own.”

“So then why is Mr. Bursting Man here!?”

“Sometimes he gets lost.”

So we're about to get blown up because of Mr. Bursting Man's bad sense of direction? After hearing this heartless explanation, my head starts to spin. Not just my head, my whole body grows heavy from standing with the same posture for too long in the warm water. I wonder if I'm getting overheated.

“Ugh, I, I might be getting dizzy. I'm starting to feel faint.”

Thinking I can at least give part of my body a rest, I lay my head on Wolfram's shoulder since he was standing next to me. It's the ideal height because our physiques are so similar.

“Get a hold of yourself, Yuuri. Think about something else to distract yourself.”

“Something else? Let's see, something else... Um, something completely unrelated to the issue at hand would be nice.”

“How about numbers? If you focus on that, you might forget your dizziness.”

“That so? Counting... One sheep, two sheep, three sheep, five sheep... ah it's no use. It's making me sleepy and unsteady instead.”

“Because you skipped a sheep.”

That's not the reason.

“Then what about math? If you try some calculations easier than just counting you might be able to distract yourself. How about multiplication?”

“How about it? I suck. Although I have memorized the multiplication tables. The eights always messed me up though. Eight times one is eight, right? Eight times two is sixteen... Eight eight is sixty four...”

C4, that's the nickname for a large scale demolition explosive<sup>[\[10\]](#)</sup>.

After a brief escape, I'm immediately brought back to reality. In the meantime, the people on the grounds are steadily evacuating under the guidance of the sociable young woman, Potatey, Brocco and Celery. Conrad seems to have come up with a plan after watching the actions of the good vegetables pretending to



be evil. He suddenly asks if we're stepping down on it with all of our strength.

"I'm pretty much stepping down with all my strength. What about you, Greta? I feel like you're putting all of your weight on it."

"Y, yeah."

After hearing our answers, Conrad brings a hand to his chin and a troubled look appears on his face.

"If that's so, the two of you together are a little heavier than I am..."

"How do you know how much Greta weighs?"

"I can tell by just looking at girls. Greta is about three apples."

Never forgetting consideration for girls is the righteousness of popular men. But what's worrying right now is that what he just said wasn't in his normal charming way of speaking that sets my teeth on edge.

"... You're not thinking of taking our place, are you?"

"I am thinking that."

I wince at the immediate reply.

"It bothers me that you're saying that like you're serious."

"Of course I'm serious. That's what I'm here for."

He always calmly declares such terrifying things with a smile. And the most terrifying part is that he's not just all talk, he's fully capable of doing those things. Therefore, in order to not lose him, I have to survive on my own.

"It's okay. It's okay because I'm still stepping on it properly without having to swap out. But, please do something before I pass out from the heat. Someone from the bomb squad please cut the red or blue cord!"

"Well it seems that it is time for I, the creator of Mr. Bursting Man, to kick some ass, ah no, to settle things. Your Majesty! No, Mitsuemmon! I will come right over to defuse the detonator so just wait a minute<sup>[11]</sup>."

Not only had she called the wrong name out in a loud voice, she was ordering me around. But that was Anissina. This is Miss Anissina von Karbelnikoff. I've started to get used to her.

“Um, how long is just a minute? Can you start your operation while I still have some stamina left?”

“Of course I meant right now. However before that, Lord Weller, I have one demand. In case something happens to my body.”

It was a demand, not a request. She won't allow a refusal. But that's Anissina. This is Anissina. What is Anissina? This is Miss Anissina von Karbelnikoff. I've committed that to memory.

Anissina puts on a helmet and sternly points at Conrad while saying, “Ship back bean sprouts!”

What kind of demand is that?

“But Anissina, shouldn't you tell Gwen that gyouza should have cabbage or bok choy? In order to reproduce His Majesty... Young Master Mitsuemom's favorite food, you should compromise.”

“Well the most important thing to that man is shape, not the ingredients. As usual, he will undoubtedly make pork gyouza shaped like little bears or something so there is no reason to be concerned with the ingredients.”

“It's fine! Bean sprouts are fine!” This is not a discussion to be had seriously in front of someone who has stepped on a detonator. “Bean sprouts go very well with gyouza if you boil them and use them as garnish so hurry up and take care of this bomb, uh, please.”

However, the true enemy wasn't the warm, limp, and gooey thing under my feet nor was it the mysterious vegetable people, it was the young lady who had been behaving quite sociably. She was desperately trying to stop Anissina in strict observance of her manual.

“Miss, you must wear a personal bathing suit to enter the water!”

“Eh, no way! Me in scallops? You must be joking!”

This is the first time I've heard Anissina speak so roughly. However, I can't ignore the subject matter. Where exactly did the idea that bathing suit = scallops come from? However in this case, she can cover herself up with conches or mussel shells or whatever. I just want the creator to dismantle Mr. Bursting

Man. That is the safest course of action.

My wishes were in vain and Anissina did not enter the pool. A man that looked like a soldier was whispering in Lady von Karbelnikoff's ear after pushing through the stream of people leaving the area. It would be nice if it was some sort of huge, revolutionary solution.

"Hey." Greta opened her mouth. Her voice sounded like it would disappear at any moment. Her thin and short fingers are gripping my swimsuit like she is clinging to me. "Hey, it's okay."

"What?"

"It's okay, Yuuri. I stepped on this first so it's okay if you run away."

"What are you saying? I won't do that."

When she lifts her head, I see that she's desperately holding back her tears about to fall.

"But if it explodes you'll die. I don't want my father to die anymore."

"Greta."

"Yuuri, and Wolf and Conrad too, r-run away. I'll stand on this properly so please, everyone get away!"

When I grab her arms and pull her to me, her shoulders and back are slightly shaking. There's no way she's cold.

"Even if this does explode, there's no way I'd leave you behind. I can't leave behind my precious daughter and escape. It's okay, I won't die. I definitely won't die." I squeeze her tight with both arms. The smell of water comes from her hair. "Everything's alright. I'm here with you."

Isn't that why she became my child?

Next to the two of us immersed in sentimental feelings, Wolfram slaps the water impatiently.

"Ugh, how irritating!"

His eyes are slightly narrowed so his eyelashes are casting a shadow. Because of that, the color in his emerald green eyes increased. He's irritated. He's really



irritated.

“As a soldier I’m far more robust in body and spirit than a wimp like you who gets totally exhausted from a little swimming and who even gets overheated from some hot water. We can’t leave this to a weakling anymore. Lord Weller, push Yuuri away and take his place. I’ll take Greta’s.”

“Wait Wolf, what are you saying?”

“I’m saying you and Greta should get somewhere safe.”

“That’s not fair. Doing sibling teamwork only at a time like this is against the rules. Stop. Hey I said stop!”

Held with a power that just about pins my arms behind my back, I’m about to be lifted up by Conrad. Ah! My foot, my foot is moving off!

“Okay Greta, it is okay to remove your foot.”

When Anissina herself suddenly said that, Greta reflexively lifts her foot. I miss my chance to scream and I gasp. After the weight of one person lifts from it, Mr. Bursting Man cried out an amusing ‘on!’ sound and spit out a large bubble. Two seconds later, a loud explosion from somewhere far away from the gym reverberated out. In a flash, there was the sound of building materials or something crumbling down. Once that settled down a bit, the master of Mr. Bursting Man, Lady Anissina von Karbelnikoff, gives a good-natured sigh.

“Phew, it appears that the demolition of the abandoned building went as planned. It was good that the evacuation of all of the workers was completed before you all impatiently activated the ‘on.’”

“But I said so, did I not? Mr. Bursting Man goes into small places that people cannot all on its own, sets the magic-powered explosive chemical, and then...”

He returns to his master’s location and as if to say ‘now push me,’ he becomes

a remote detonator switch. In other words, that thing is not an explosive itself. With a high school level knowledge of science, I didn't think that such a handy magic-powered device existed in this world.

As for Greta, she quickly got over the shock of having stepped on something dangerous and had fun doing her first breaststrokes in a now private swimming pool. Her coach was Wolfram, not me. Because of his impatient actions, the situation has completely turned into 'Wolfram is so reliable!' So I'm the wimpy father. Well, for a father with a daughter, I'd much prefer her to become attached to an orthodox prince than for her to be enamored with a group of villains.

"Hey Conrad, did you know? That Mr. Bursting Man itself wouldn't explode?" I ask the man with the adult bathing suit next to me as I lie at the poolside cooling off.

"Who knows." It's a trivial comment like he's dodging the question.

"But I think I would probably do the same thing and stay by your side if you told me to go away even if I knew from the start that it wasn't that dangerous. I mean," he starts as he pushes a drink cup towards me. The contents are the color of the resort's sunset. "I'm a father as well."

"Whose? Are we going to have a real uproar about hidden children this time?"

"That's not it. Hey, I'm your godfather."

"Oh..."

In other words, even my guardian wants to assert his position? Wanting to upset that charming smile every once in a while, I call out to my cute little mermaid.

"Which means that you're Greta's grandpa. Greta! This is kinda sudden, but you have a grandpa now!"

Starting today, Grandpa will be with us too.

## References[[edit](#)]

1. [↑](#) There was a joke here in between the first and second sentences playing on the phrase for 'by ourselves' which is 'without adding water' in Japanese (mizu irazu). 'It was by ourselves (without adding water), but we did add hot water, or rather we got in the baths.' I couldn't figure out a joke to replace it so I just cut the sentence out.
2. [↑](#) The word used here for pool is English, or rather Katakana English. I actually don't think that there is a word of Japanese origin for a swimming pool.
3. [↑](#) The 'barelegged, doubtful mermaid' (nama ashi giwaku no maameido) is a joke on 'Hot Limit' by TMR where he says 'barelegged, charming/tempting mermaid' (nama ashi miwaku no maameido). Here's a link to the song just in case you've never heard it. It's a ridiculously famous song (perhaps in part due to the music video itself XD)
4. [↑](#) This is a rehash of a joke I explained in chapter 3 of AshitaMa. It's a reference to a show called 'Wow! Women's only swimming competition!' (Doki! Onnadarake no suiei taikai) which was a show about a bunch of female celebrities having a swimming competition. The title really says it all ^\_^
5. [↑](#) Parents and children here is one word in Japanese (oyako) and the word for man/men is 'otoko' so the original Japanese says that the piece of paper is pasted over the middle of 'oyako' not the whole thing because they only needed to change the 'ya'. Didn't make much sense in English though ^\_^;
6. [↑](#) Bra Dance is written in Katakana English so it's 'bura dansu'. Here it's shown that it's not actually a dance with bras, but a swinging dance (bura bura). 'Bura bura' means swaying or dangling, swinging... To be honest, this made me think of balls. I think that's what Yuuri thought of too XD
7. [↑](#) Bravo, bra ball and bra boy are all written in katakana and they all start with 'buraboo' --> 'buraboo, burabooru, burabooi'. I put this footnote in because they didn't seem as similar in English and it ended up a little more nonsensical than it was originally~



8. [↑](#) To be honest, I'm not really sure what 'cavalry battle' is called in English or if there even is an English term for it. But basically it's like flag tag but with groups of four instead of individual people. You get three people to be the 'horse' and they hold up the fourth person (who has on a hat or headband or something) and then these groups run around and try and take the hat/headband off of the other people. The last group with a hat/headband wins.
9. [↑](#) Dynamite is in Katakana English (dainamaito) so absolutely no one besides Conrad would understand that ^-^
10. [↑](#) So, I had to change this a bit because it was a play on words. Yuuri initially says 'happa' instead of C4. 'Happa' with these kanji (発破) means explosive blast and is a nickname for dynamite. So, the original sentence went 'Happa, that's a nickname for dynamite used in large scale building demolition.'
11. [↑](#) I'm pretty sure the 'kick some ass' (ketsu wo keru) that Anissina said was her stumbling over her words. She just mixed up a few syllables with what she wanted to say, 'settle things' (keri wo tsukeru). Either way, this was a joke ^-^